Glo. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a baud in way of good ſeruice, & art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thon, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'ſt varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me, is it two daies agoe ſince I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon ſhines, ile make a ſop of the Moone-ſhine a'you, draw you whoreſon cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bring Letters againſt the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, againſt the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his Rapier drawne, Gl Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter?

Ken. With you goodman boy, and you plea you, come on yong maſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, what's the matter he

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies th what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the

Duke. What's your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarſe in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue ſo beſtir'd your wardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a Tay

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylour

Kent. I, a taylour ſir, a Stone-cutter, or a haue made him ſo ill, though he had bene but trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian ſir, whoſe life I h of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou vnneceſſar if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnb to morter, and daube the wals of a Iaques wi gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly knaue you haue

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare
That weares no honeſty, ſuch ſmiling rogues a
Like Rats oft bite thoſe cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth eue
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,